

OUR SHORT STORY PAGE



TSHUSHIMA STRAITS



By James B. Connolly



was the Russian battle fleet steaming Twenty ships were in column and ten miles an bour the speed. From the marter-deek of the "Kremlin" the American could hear the crew of the ig turret at drill. By the clanking echo of the tumbling tray he could

guess their speed.

He should his head to himself: "No doubt you're brave and all of that, but or could stand an awful lot of prac-

By and by, the loading tray no longe sounding, the form of a sailor emerged from the turret hatch. A moment as if to get his arings, another as if to take in the scene, and then

in two nervous bounds he made the deck. The American knew him for his man, but he finished his cicarette before stepping over to the other's side, "Is not this Stephan Demetri Harlov, so-called, turnet captain?" "So-called," the other replied in English, "So-called," And then in French, "You speak a strange

tongue, misier."
"Firmmered 1th, blent have it so," the American retorted, too, in French. "You do not recall me?" "Oh, yes, you are the American quarter-master we slipped at Hongkong."

"I am also an American naval officer on a leave of absence. My name is Mannix. I am that same point Mannix, the Annapolis cadet, who spent most in his furloughs in coming to see Her Cince's before she became Her Grace. Does m'sieur

And ally not you die also?"

gi if I die and you die, how can it matter

will but nutter to us, But Her Grace-There was a note of mockery in the

Meaning," there was a note of stubbornness in the viscolinals veice, "meaning Her Grace, Miss the lebels slater, my sister-in-law, possibly, if I

"Abstra my mission."
"Abstra mission."
"Exactly A mission."
The Russian pointed to where astern was a tow-The Russian pointed to where astern was a towing sour an which three searchlights were conactive of and his oning and backing. Mannix began
to attern the supersonsitive side of this man
who had soon as he thought, weighed, believed and
junged in an instant. They make one think of
mad to ten has, charging like that, do they not?
And mean, the lege emologing and the safety signal
whicher sounding. Wer make no much noise and
display so many light-! But it will not come tosish. No, not to night. For what fleet could
the arms and effective fattle formation in this sea
and the and gloom? They would be shelling each
after below they were alone. And to-morrow—tother before they were done. And to-morrow—to-morrow!" he find a hand on the American's arm! for to pass the main to arrive at Vladivostock, when meeting Topo's theet, we cannot expect the morrow him. No no. And," this almost under is breath, "there can be but one outcome. But let the gas in side," and Mannix followed him to the torest, where the other switched on an electric light, there, hards, immensely powerful-looking sailor based to his fest and stood to attention. "S-st!" sea harley; but not until he had seen the Amer-

"And now," queried the Russian.

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"And now," he can Mannix, and in the most rapid and concise language of which he was master made it clear he wit was that his companion had come to misundostant. In this cause Mannix could be elegated. The Europan was quick to see, His concil in become to the ball of the Mannix did not have to have examine there were a large way on. Yes, to half expend to leave him. Mannix did not have to half expend things. "Yes, yes, go on. Yes, yes," the Bussian kind repeating. "But it is almost incredible, nevertheless, a plus from the most drasmitic stage almost. A man that I knew as a friend—it is almost incompleable."

2 Yes it is true.

"Yet it is true. I was with him when he died, in his own calain. He sent for me. Dying, he wished to make amond. For years his wild passion had gonded him to the most ingenious scheme pardon, but it is so-the love of Her Grace. He considered the lattle half wan when you doubted. This be did not know this American girl, a thousand like him could not have stirred her. Only he had to arrive at death's door to learn that. But once convinced, he went just as far the other way to It was his own idea, the deathbed confession which I drew up and he signed."

"Yes, and before witnesses." Two bells struck Mannix stood up. "I must go, for at nine o'clock I was to report to my division officer. But here is the confession. Read it. if you say, I will see you in the morning-if all goes well."

What!

Yes, yes, in the morning, Adien," The division officer was detained, and so Mannix was told to wait in the passageway for him. From where he atood he could look into the ward

Several officers were lounging there. One dering wine for himself and another inwas ordering wine for himself and another in-structing the boy carefully as to the rare vintage. "A pretty duty" he observed to his companion, "an reconomic principle. If we do not drink it tonight it will probably rest on the bostom of the see to morrow. And a pity, that."

At this point an officer, a lieutenant with a bundle, energed the ward yours. "You seem pleased at the

prospect," he said reprovingly to the wine drinker, No. ac. pc. The other smiled and raised a

the excitement, it does relieve the strain. But what have you there, Nikitin Osin?"
"It is a suit of clothes, and I am looking for a to tie them up."

"Clothes! Have you not your underclothes, and will they not be enough to swim in when the time

No. no. a suit of clothes to dress properly afterwards. I shall stow these somewhere on the gun deck, and afterwards----

"And how if there is no afterwards? How if one of your guns blows up and you with it?"
"Ah-h!" and Nikitin Osin shrugged his shoulders, "Then I shall will them to you."

Two or three laughed, and one by the pianola, who had stopped his playing to catch the retort, set the machine in motion again.

Three others were gathered at a table on the starboard side, while a fourth was playing solitaire under the center cluster of incandescent lights. The

officer with the bundle by a gesture indicated the solitaire player. "Look at him now!"

The solitaire player looked up, "Oh well, it is you. Nicolas Osin, Vice-Admiral Misanthrope, cheer up!" Apd fixing his eyes on the bundles of clothing, "You are wise, too, Nicolas Osin, To-morrow rning, when I go off watch, I will envelop myself the newest of underclothing, even to new socks, of silk. The doctor says that if one is dressed lean underclothing the danger of blood poisoning from a wound is much lessened. I should not like to die that way-by blood poisoning." "Doctors," said the officer at the planola, "doctors

give useful advice, sometimes."

"As to that," began the solitaire player, "I could tell you..."

But did not for just then one of the

"Onlie well, thanks"

"Not Mr. Mannix yet?"

"Not Mr. Mannix yet?"

"Not And perhaps never, But she is concerned in what I have to say to you—if Stephan Demotti Harrow, enlisted nam in His Imperial Meleste's nive, the a short labrinour to spare?"

"Some matters rest?"

"Not the matters rest?"

"Not the matters test?"

"Not the matters test?"

"Not the matters test?"

"Not the matters rest?"

"Not the matters test?"

"Not the matters rest?"

"Not the matters test?"

"Not the matters test?"

"Not the matters test?"

"Still tages?"

"Still tages?"

"Still tages?" An officer in dripping oil clothes entered the room. A half-dozen questions assailed him at once. "Still toggy?" "Yes. "Choppy?" "A little." "And the searchlights still playing?" "Yes. Only for the towing spars we should have run into each other a dozen times to-night." "And the enemy?" "No telling, but our wireless operator has been picking up wireless messages regularly.

Then to-morrow It looks like it," and he passed on, Mannix's division officer came along then, "Ab-h!" he spied Mannix, gave him some rapid instructions in the event of a battle on the morrow, and then dismissed him.

At noon Mannix was called to the bridge and given the wheel; and no more than had hold of it when he saw emerging from out of the haze z long, fast-moving steamer. All the signalmen in the fleet jumped to their long glasses, but while they were yet trying to distinguish her colors she disappeared. She could not have been more than four thousand yards away, and Mannix speculated on what would have happened to her if his own China squadron were involved: A challenge it would have been and at once an explanation or a seven-inch shell would then and there have ended her cruising days.

The baze thinned, and Mannix was still to the

wheel of the "Kremlin," when they came into view Up to the northward they were, and for them clearly no surprise. Almost before they were seen from the "Kremlin's" bridge they had swung into column and headed westerly across the Russian course.

The Russian flagship signaled a change, of course. Ere yet he had done putting his wheel over, Mannix saw the enemy were changing to meet it, and having greater speed were more prompt in execution. Months on the way had the Russian fleet been; with grass growing on their bottoms and machinery best of condition. They were outmaneuvered from the first.

From his station on the open bridge of the "Kremlin" Mannix had a good view of everything ahead. He thrilled as he read the signal that broke the battle flags out. And out they floated Men's nerves strained to snapping at the sight. They cheered with something of hysteria. The enemy followed—the sunburst of Japan, but nothing cheerful to that

A shell came wide of the "Kremlin's" how. Another-still wide. The careless sighting shots of a confident for they seemed. Another and another-nearer. The next struck close to the "Kremlin's" how, and throwing high a column of water drenched sailors on the forecastle of the flagship. They ducked and ran back laughing. The shell continued on, ricochetting, on to the next in line without exploding. Another came skipping by. A sailor threw a piece of coal after it. All who witnessed this laughted, and the laughter relieved the tension. verybody on the bridge had a word or two to say

I see nothing wonderful in their shooting," said one. "Ho, ho! they boasted it would be like breaking pipes in a shooting gallery." Mannix recognized in him the officer of the pianola. He turned on Mannix. "They are reported to have some American gunners aboard some of their ships. What of that, you American?" He said it half in malice, half in

There was no American behind that, he sure of that, sir. Our apprentice boys straight from the training ships could do better than that,"

The Russian ships were painted black, the Japan-ese gray, a war gray. And those gray silhouettes were in one long single column, steaming perhaps officen knots. Even in a peaceful evolution, a silent column of warships sliding rapidly past without tuss or noise is wonderfully impressive, but now it was And the desting of two nations, perhaps of two great races, depending on the outcome.

What efficers were on the bridge were viewing matters most calmly; but down in his heart Manthough he would not have intered the thought to these Russians, nor listened if another said as much to him, down in his heart the feeling would not be distorded-before even the first shell burst that day these gray ships looked the masters. deprecating hand. "Not pleased; but the thought of making up his mind to that, Mannix breathed a

prayer for Madeleine, whom, he now began to think, he might never see again.

he might never see again.

The Russians were now capped. Every Japanese ship lay ready with a whole broadside to the head of the Russian column. Every ship in that long gray line opened up on the first four ships of the Russian line. Of the Russian ships, only those first four ships held the Japanese within range. Mannix's this was be therefore. ship was in that first four.

It was a rain of metal. All about, the sea was whitecapped with the ricochetting shells. Had but one quarter of them come aboard, the Russian leaders would all have been sunk in that first twenty minutes. But in that short time enough shells came aboard—without leaving the chart bridge Mannix could see that—enough to make a mess of steel partitions, enough to make splinters of most of the woodwork (which should long ago have been removed, but wasn't), enough to dismount several guns, to bowl over several gun crews.

Mannix would have liked to run about the ship to observe better how the men were behaving, but he did not dare to get too far away, in case they should need him at the wheel. But even from where he was he caught characteristic touches of the fight-

An officer called down to Mannix and sent him off with a message to the chief of the powder division. From this Mannix guessed that the internal communications had been shot away and also that many of the messenger boys had been killed off. Mannix found his powder division officer. He was the same who had been playing solitaire in the ward room the night before.

On his way back Mannix saw that it was going bard with the "Kremlin." The gunners, they meant well, but they did not know how. Mannix saw that one shell was jammed in a port on the gun deck and two plates were torn away from her forward; above the water line, it is true, and no great danger from that yet because of the smoothness of the sea, but if the ship should list toward that side! There were oles in the smokestacks-several; but as yet only

one showed signs of toppling over.

The enemy, having successfully completed their first maneuver, were now about to attempt a loop about the entire Russian fleet. They went about it in a superbly insolent manner, as if what the Russians did could not matter.

'Fine!" said Mannix half aloud. It was his professional tribute to Japanese efficiency, and then they cut loose, and the next instant the entire port side of the bridge caved in. Also the steering gear was parted. "You are out of a job," said the pianola player, smiling at him. "And I also!" he added, hardly a moment later, and lay still. Mannix left the useless wheel and stepping over to the port side

"And Sergei Herzar, he is gone, yes. Ps-st!" he made an upward move of his arm, "like that. And not so much as a button for a souvenir. Only this morning at breakfast he was speaking to me of a letter to his wife, and was much worried that she might not get it. There was a little estrangement before he left home and he was asking forgiveness before he left home and he was asking forgiveness now, and now she will never know; for the mail box, of course, will sink with us. Oh, she will be sunk, there is no doubt of it. Our captain is one who will never strike his colors:"

"The captain is dead," said Mannix.

"So? Too bad. But no matter, the Kremlin's colors will not be struck. But go on about your business. Suffer? Oh, no, no! But I am going, of course. Adieu."

course. Adieu."
Mannix rushed on to Pushkin's room, which was on the deck below. In a hundred ways the ship was now showing that she was hard hit. She would not much longer remain affoat, and Mannix wished to save a few little things which Pushkin had allowed him to stow away in his desk; that is, if he saved himself.

The after ladder to the quarter-deck had become impassable. He had to go clear amidships to find ladder to the deck.

Mannix reached the quarter-deck. There they were still fighting the after-turret, irregularly as if not many of the crew were left. Mannix dropped into the turret. The duke was there, leaning against the casemate, wounded Mannix asked after Push-kin. The duke pointed to a body. "Dead?" asked Mannix. The duke nodded. "The explosion." They had not enough men to work the one gun left. A trainer and a pointer were both lacking.

Mannix stepped up to the gun-pointer's telescope. He had had no serious intention of doing this, but now be could not help it. He turned to the duke "With your permission?" he said. "Help yourself,"

said the duke pleasantly Mannix almost shouted with exultation as he fired. No strange work was this for him. On his own gunship he had been a turret officer. The first shot went to the mark. And the next. And then he heard at his ear: "She's going down surely. It is the boilers—they have blown up!"

"Leave—at once—everybody!" commanded the

There was still a shell in the chamber of Mannix's "We may as well fire this one," suggested Mannix

"By all means," replied the duke.

Mannix, after looking back to make sure the breechblock was closed, pointed and fired. He saw a great commotion when it landed.

"A bull's-eye!" cried the one man who had stayed

behind to see the effect. Only Mannix, the duke,



"She was a monstrous sight in that death roll with the smoke pouring from her."

saw that the stanchions supporting the bridge had and this man were left in the turret. That man been shot away on that side. Some qualified gunpointer has got the range of this place," thought Mannix, and was about to find a new post when he felt a dull blow in the side. It was not painful and he could not understand why he went down. was puzzling that out when he was almost overcome

feeling of nausea. He may have lost consciousness or he may have merely lost track of time, but certainly the next notice he took was of himself being on the forecastle deck and looking up at the bridge works, were burning, that," thought Mannix, and, though he did not know why he did it, climbed up on the forward turret, where was a man on his knees. down into the turret, that man, Mannix knelt be-

What do you think?" he said to Mannix, and pointed inside. Mannix looked. Every man there was dead. It must have been instant incineration with all of them. Bodies there that if a hand were but laid upon them would have crumpled like the dust they were. Charred to ashes these, but with

the outlines of the forms perfectly preserved.

Mannix took another look. On the casemate not a mark; of the guns, no displacement. This was the only man of all that turret crew who had been alive. He had been sent off with a message, and had only got his head into the under hatch his return when the shell struck. He seemed hard

of hearing and very much astonished.

"Why, I felt nothing, absolutely nothing. But it was terribly—oh, terribly hot!" he added. "And what shall I do now, I wonder?" He repeated that last, "What shall I do now?" several times.

Thinking to not word of the doke. Margin was

Thinking to get word of the duke, Mannix went aft. Threading his way through the debris of the gun deck, he saw that half the port battery had been put out of commission.

Wounded men were being taken below to the hospital; but there were too many for the hospital corps, and so here and there were groups attending to themselves. Bandaging each other they were, mostly. They were rather serious, but nor too much That it was a great battle they were engaged nt seemed to have no intellectual interest for them.
They were wounded, that was all. "Ah-h! if I had samovar now, I would make me a fine last cup

of tea," said one in a wistful voice.

Mannix saw another with his back to a bulkhead,
his legs stretched out before him, rolling a cigarette. Having only one arm left, he was having difficulty, He hailed Mannix, otherwise Mannix would never have known; for, bareheaded, blackened, stripped to his undershirt, there was no mark or rank to distinguish him from any enlisted man. Mannix turned back at the call, and saw that it was the officer who had been tying up his clothes the evening before, he who had been called Nicolas Osin. need them after all. If you want them—we know of you—Pushkin informed us—they are there," and he nodded his head toward a wooden chest which in some way had escaped demolition.

But you are far from being dead," exclaimed Mannix, "One arm, what is that?"
"One arm?" Nicolas Osin smiled, almost proudly
"One arm, indeed. If you should turn me over now, you would see a hole as hig as your whole head, so they tell me. A piece of shell, yes, and a marvel it did not come clear through. Most surprising, yes, he of those shells act." He puffed at his cigarette.

stooped to raise the duke in his arms. The duke was helpless. It was his legs, both legs. 'Ivan, get out-quick!" commanded the duke.

"Yes, Your Grace, but with you," said Ivan, "Come," urged Mannix, "she is sinking, and you must try to help yourself."
"No, no. I will go down with her. I should not want to live after she is gone. But you must go. You are the kind that women love. You will win Madeleine, have no fear."

"What of her?"

"You believe in her?"

"Ah-h, but what does she think of me?" Mannix looked at Ivan, who saluted and lifted the duke through the under hatch and onto the quarter-The ship was now to the gun deck and lurching. The quarter-deck would soon be under. nix wondered what he could get that would float a Over by the wardroom hatch he spied man's body. a table, or what was left of it unburned, floating up from beneath. He was not sure that he could through to the deck, but he tried. A halfburned leg broke off, then another, and then, Ivan rushing over and taking hold, it came through. There was also another small table, with some parts of the German pianola and the wreck of a chair. Mannix and Ivan lashed the two table tops

gether with strips of the tablecloth. They had now only to let them slide down from the steeply inclined deck to the ship's side. They lifted the duke, who was but half conscious, and laid him across the table top. It held him up without trouble. Mannix took hold of the chair for himself, but seeing a sailor ooking at it wistfully, he asked, "Can you swim?" No. Your Excellency.

"Then take it. Thanks to Your Excellency," and plunged into the sea with it.

"But you, Ivan," asked Mannix, "can you swim?"
"Swim? I? If I was rated by my swimming and not by my brains, I, Your Excellency, would be flying an admiral's stars."

Shove off, then!" ordered Mannix. They were barely clear of the ship when she started her death-rolling. She was a monstrous sight in that final roll, with one bilge keel and a propeller up-pointing and the smoke pouring from her. And the flames flashing through the smoke. A great volume of steam up-rushed as the burning

duke, Ivan, himself and that other sailor to whom he had given the chair seemed to have come safe Mannix now felt the sting of a wound in his right side and of another in the left thigh. It was painful for him to work his arms and legs, but yet he must if he was to get anywhere with the Russian who,

lying helpless and heedless across the table, seemed not to care whether he lived or died.
"But I care!" thought Mannix. "No reason in the world why I should die, too. Sorry though I am for Russia, still, she is not my country, and I have something else to hope for."

With the palm of one hand resting on the edge of the table. Mannix found he could easily keep affoat, and by kicking out with his sound leg he saw he could steer the little raft toward several straying ship's hoats. Just before the action began some of the ships had cast away their boats, and now there was a string of half a dozen-gigs, whale

boats, sailing cutters-drifting about to windward and not too far away.

The haze had gone entirely now and the sun shone clear—a low sun, for it was getting late in the afternoon. Mannix seized a chance to count the fleet. One other was gone besides the Kremlin, and two others looked as if they had not long to remain affoat. Hopelessly shot through these two were, and through the holes near the water line the sea was

As Mannix looked he saw a Russian destroyer range alongside the flagship. He guessed they were taking off the body of the admiral, the limp body was handled with such extreme care. There was no sea on, but the long, oily roll broke against the body of the big battleship and, resurging, lifted the little destroyer, now high up, and again let her sag away down. She looked, that once imposing battleship, like an old tramp steamer that had been lying for years on some beach till somebody happened to remember that had been lying for years. remember that she would make a good target for the fleet at target practice. And so they had taken her out and shot her up. Mannix marveled that she

At this point the duke cried our Mannix turned his head. The Rusian was struggling to lift himself to his elbow to see the flagship more clearly. "A pity—a brave man, our admiral," he said after a moment of observation, and then Mannix thought he heard him sol.

he heard him sob.

Mannix could count dozens of small pieces of wreckage. Floating in the water, clinging precariously to these bits of wreckage, were a few surviv-ing sailors of the sunken ships. As they labored and struggled to get on, the destroyer of the enemy came tearing by Her swash washed several of them into the sea. Most of the destroyer's crew seemed to be on deck, on their faces triumphant smiles, One called out and, leaning over the life line, laughed and pointed, and then threw what looked like a piece of exploded shell at one of these swimming sailors, It did not strike the swimmer, who, looking over his shoulder and seeing whence it came, hurriedly submerged himself. Evidently they wanted to have a little fun with him, for they ran close to him, as if trying to see how close they could come without actually running over him. Mannix happened to remember then: Why, this was the duke's man. Ivan. His revolver lay on the table beside the duke. He took it up, thinking to shoot one of them, but the destroyer was steaming perhaps twenty-five knots an hour and making a rapid turn she was end on and out of range. In the middle of the swirl under her quarter as she turned was the Russian sailor. Mannix thought he was gone, but he was a tough one, and when the destroyer and her grinning crew had passed on he bobbed up.

"Come here," ordered Mannix. He came up hand over hand, "Was it not true, what I told Your Excellency, that I could swim well?" he said smil-

ingly

They reached one of the drifting boats. Ivan lifted in his master and then helped Mannix, after which there came a dull explosion.

"A torpedo," said the sailor, sententiously, "Look, Your Excellency—the Boyodino," Mannix saw it, and the sight made him think of a death-stricken whale. Heavily, slowly, rolling from one side to the other, she went. And then solemnly, completely over and forever from sight.

Mannix heard the sound of a screw behind him. It was the Japanese destroyer again. A voice hailed, but he made no answer. She drew up and stopped her engines not fifty feet away. An officer was sitting on a camp chair on the side nearest to them. One elbow rested on the top life line, and in the hand of that arm, between two fingers, he held a cigar. His other elbow rested on his knee, and that hand supported his chin. The very way he held the cigar and stared, it was unbearably insolent. Not a word did he say, just stared at the ship-wrecked group. Mannix thought he smiled. "Beast!" duke, and, raising himself on his thwart, returned with an even more insolent expression his enemy's stare. The two remained staring across so, each with all the insolence and contempt he could muster. Suddenly the Jap called out something, short, sharp and in Russian. Mannix could not get

"Oh! cried the sailor-"Oh-to Your Grace!" and sank back,

The Jap slowly placed his eigar between his lips and puffed, blew the smoke toward them and smiled. Mannix could just see that smile in the gloom 'Pardon," said the duke, and, taking Mannix's revolver, fired.

The Jap made as if to stand up, and did half stand up for an instant. Then his body took a forward lirch, sagged the life line half to the deck, and pitched forward and overboard. With the splash of the body, the sailor seized the duke and dropped overboard, "Come, Your Excellency," he whispered to Mannix, and made for an overturned boat. The next in line it was, with a plank torn out near the keel. Mannix followed the sailor. "I can use my arms, but not my legs," whispered the duke. "Now, Your Excellency," called out the sailor, and Man-nix and the duke sinking beneath the water, followed the sailor beneath the gunuel of the overturned b Between the surface of the water and the bottom of the overturned boat was room and air for twenty men to bob around and breathe in. They had only to hang onto a thwart to keep themselves affoat. The boat which they had just left lay between them and the destroyer while they were in the water, and so prevented them from seeing what was doing aboard her; but now an explosion set their new refuge to dancing over their heads. Mannix looked through the hole near the keel. people were shooting at the boat they had just left. Another shell, and there was nothing left of Then possibly to make sure that none had survived,

the destroyer steamed back and forth.

They watched her steam off in the last of the day-That was just after sunset-in the twilight.

We cannot stay here," said Mannix. "No. Your Excellency in two minutes I shall be back," and the sailor disappeared. Soon he was alongside again with a free boat. Between them-Mannix and the sudor-they tore a few more planks from the bottom of the capsized boat and lifted the done all three again bay flat on their backs and gazed up at the stars.

It was the sailor who moved first. Without hes ing ordered he stepped and staved the mast, shipped the rudder and hoisted the two sails.
"A useful chap, this sailsr," commented Mannix,
"Who is he?" "He is from my estate. For hundreds of years his

ancestors were the serfs of my ancestors, but to-day the serf is a better man than his master "Better than either of us," added Mar now we should get away to make not be well for us to be found here in the morning-by our friends

from that destroyer, for instance."
"Tell Ivan what you wish, Ite is of iron and can
go without sleep for a week."
Mannix gave the sailor the tiller, pointed to a star

in the south, and the cutter began to slip through the darkness. And such a darkness! The fires from the burning Russian battle-slops only accentuated it. For hours the Russian sat on a thwart and looked out on the dark sea without a word. At last he turned to Mannix. "The black night of Russia. But not our fault. Not the navy's fault. No, not officers.

not our fault. Not the navy's fault. No, not officere and men, we know how to fight. But when we have in power bureaucrats, politicians, who love their country only for what they can squeeze from that country, what is to be expected? Such as he," points ing to Ivan at the tiller, "you see how he fights when he is loyal. And when he is not loyal, who is to blame?" He turned away, and Mannix fancied He turned away, and Mannix fancied he was crying to himself.

Shall we go home, Your Grace?" Mannix asked "Ah-h!" he signed, "it is too much to hope for."
They sailed on, and all went well with them there-

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after.